

stroll. Maher's feelings may be imagined better than described.

Aggressive from the start of the encounter, Fitzsimmons quickly forced his opponent into his own corner, where a short half-arm swing sent the lanky man's big right net to Peter's jaw. The Irishman's head hit the floor with a thump and innumerable stars eclipsed the bright glow of ambition which had been fed for months upon hope until it had seemed substantial instead of a jack-o'-lantern.

THE BEGINNING AND END.

Directly the gong tapped the men stepped forward briskly, and it looked for a second as if Fitzsimmons was going to make a waiting fight of it, but he evidently paused just to see if Maher would come at him with a rush. Finding that Maher was not bearing down on him in full fashion, Fitz stepped close in and feinted with his left.

He then swung his right for the jaw and missed, Maher upreaching at him without success, and the New Zealander drew back. Fitzsimmons tried one more with his right, and missed again. Maher tried to counter him, but Fitzsimmons's shoulder caught the blow and threw it over his head. Before Fitzsimmons could get himself properly into position again Maher's left hooked him, and a little blood came from Fitz's nostrils.

Fitz was still the aggressor, but he missed with his right twice in succession. Maher tried countering with no better luck, and they bumped into each other and clinched.

In the breakaway Maher upreached Fitz with his right, and the referee raised his voice, telling Maher that if he tried that kind of thing again after promising not to do it he would lose on a foul. The blow dazed Fitz, and he backed slowly for a few moments, Maher taking a turn at making the pace.

He forced Fitz to the ropes, smashed at him with his right and Fitz smothered most of the blows with his shoulders. Peter seemed to have a lead at this point and he got in one good body blow with his right, and drew back far enough to miss a right hander, which went whizzing past his chin. It was a case of right hands now, each man striving for the deciding blow, Fitz being the cooler of the pair, had the advantage and the tide of fortune turned in his favor.

He crouched and stepped close to Maher to draw his fire. Maher took the bait, letting go a right swing that would have knocked Fitz's head off if it had made connections. Fitz drew back far enough to let the blow go by and then sent his right across. It landed on Peter's cheek, cutting a gash. Peter fell on his back, his head striking the platform. He raised his head a trifle and lay there quivering. Maher counted off the seconds, and Peter was still on his back when time was up. Fitz in the meantime had walked to his corner. He was leaning on the post, sniffling, when the decision was given in his favor.

FIGHT ON MEXICAN SOIL.
The fight took place on Mexican soil. In one of the bottoms of the Rio Grande, mile and a half from the languid port. Short as the fight was, it was sharp for even that limited period, and the comparative handful left of those who came into the Southwest to see the spectacle, the preliminaries of which had occupied so much time and caused considerable worry to the authorities of a State, a Territory, and a foreign power, were amazed when it terminated abruptly.

THE RANGERS DID NOT AID.
When the train of sports arrived from El Paso at 2:30 there was no evidence that anything unusual was about to occur. The excursionists from Eagle Pass and other points had been belated and only some fifty residents of the country about had gathered at the depot.

One company of the Texas Rangers guarded the depot, while the remainder went down to the bottoms on the Texas side, but not the slightest effort was made to interfere with the sports in any of their movements. When the word to move had been given, the visitors speedily found that although they had been on the road for over sixteen hours and journeyed 400 miles, the hardest part of the entertainment was yet to come.

PUGILISTIC TRAIN HAD TO CLIMB.
Following guides in straggling procession they went across the prairie for a distance of five hundred yards, and then commenced a precipitous descent of a seldom-used wagon road that went in a circuitous way down to the Rio Grande, over rocks and boulders, now slipping on their backs, now clutching at a bramble to save themselves from a fall and a broken ankle, and now stubbing their toes against huge stones, or in cavities of the rocks, the sports rolled in double and single file until the bank of the river was reached.

Then there was a tramp of five hundred yards more through sand and mud, full nuke deep, to the point where the seventy-five-foot pontoon bridge had been stretched across the Rio Grande. Once across, the sports were on the bottom at the Mexican side, and the canvas enclosure that surrounded the ring was seen in the distance. Five minutes more brought the perspiring and sore-footed pedestrians to the entrance sties, where Bat Masterson and Joe Vendic examined the tickets and passed the holders within.

IDEAL SPOT FOR A MILL.
A more ideal spot for such an event could hardly have been selected. To the west, sloping down to the very foot of the enclosure, was a mountain 500 feet in height, rugged and almost perpendicular. Across the river, on the Texas side, was its counterpart, and commanding a full view of the procession, walked down but a few yards apart, both reaching the enclosure in a profuse state of perspiration. They were taken to their tents and rubbed down.

At 3 o'clock, when Referee Siler announced that all was ready, 182 people were at the ring side, the remainder of the visiting party, with the local contingent, having decided that a view from the Texas hills was preferable to the expenditure of \$20 for a ticket. In response to Siler's call Quinn consented for ten minutes delay. Julian engaged, and it was readily granted.

At 3:43 Fitzsimmons, enveloped in a fan-

HOW FITZ AND MAHER ARE BUILT.

Below will be found the exact measurements and the weights of the two pugilists last taken while they were not in strict training:

Fitzsimmons.	Maher.
5 feet 11½ inches.....Height.....	5 feet 11½ inches
168 pounds.....Weight.....	178 pounds
15 inches.....Neck.....	17½ inches
41 inches.....Chest.....	40 inches
44 inches.....Chest (expanded).....	42½ inches
32 inches.....Waist.....	30½ inches
20 inches.....Thigh.....	23½ inches
13½ inches.....Calf.....	15½ inches
75½ inches.....Arms (outstretched).....	74 inches
12 inches.....Biceps.....	13 inches
11½ inches.....Forearm.....	12 inches
6½ inches.....Wrist.....	7½ inches

nel bath robe, emerged from his quarters and bounded up the steps of the ring, selecting as his corner the point to the west with his back to the Mexican mountains.

Maher appeared a minute later, and took his chair in the opposite corner. Maher had in his corner Jim Hall, Buck Connolly, Peter Lowrey, Jack Quinn and Peter Byrnes, while "Parson" Davies acted as his timekeeper. Fitzsimmons had behind him Martin Julian, Jack Everhart, Jack Stelezner and Jack McCoy, while Bert Sneed, of New Orleans, acted as timekeeper. Then five-ounce gloves were produced from the boxes and fitted on.

FITZ DEMANDED TO SEE CASH.
The men were about to doff their wraps when Julian called George Siler to the center of the ring and the two conversed for a couple of minutes. At its conclusion Siler demanded in stentorian tones: "Is Mr. O'Rourke here?"

"I am," responded the Bostonian. "Have you the purse money?" Siler again demanded.

"It is here," said O'Rourke, as he produced his wallet and waved two checks in the air. As the papers were produced Fitzsimmons's lips curled and he yelled:

"That stuff don't go, Julian. I want cash. How do we know what these are worth?"

"Did you cash these checks last night?" asked Siler of O'Rourke, while the crowd pressed toward the two men.

"Yes, I did," shouted the Boston man. "But do you think I was fool enough to bring \$20,000 with me into such diggings as these? It's the first time that my honesty has been questioned. I tell you that the money is in the bank."

Matters looked squally for a time. Julian looked at O'Rourke defiantly and said: "Nobody ever questioned your honesty, but we want the money. We will take no checks."

Julian addressed the crowd he continued: "If there is any dissatisfaction it is not our fault. We notified the responsible people several days ago that Fitzsimmons would not fight unless the money was in the ring."

"Yes," chirruped Fitzsimmons from his corner, "and they said it would be." Parson Davies made a remark at this juncture to the effect that Julian was wasting time on boy's nonsense, and several of the spectators yelled: "Go on with the fight!"

JULIAN MADE A SCENE.
Julian retorted that the crowd had better keep their mouths shut, as he did not intend to stand any dictation from outsiders, and serious trouble seemed imminent, when the Cornishman leaped to his feet and to the center of the ring, his face inflamed with passion, and he fairly shrieked: "We'll take the checks. I give in to everything they want. Do you understand? We give in to this, even if we don't get it."

The crowd breathed more freely, and a roiling cheer was given for Fitzsimmons. They then stripped.

Fitz had chosen for his ring costume a navy blue breechesuit, with a belt of stars and stripes. His legs were bare and his shoes of the standard running shape. Maher wore short-legged black fighting pants, with a green belt.

Fitzsimmons was confident, and Maher was nervous and a trifle ill at ease. His mouth moved incessantly as though he was chewing gum, his eyebrows twitched and he kept his thumbs revolving. Fitzsimmons eyed him with a sarcastic smile and his breast heaved like that of an animal ready to bound at its prey.

MAHER IN POORER CONDITION.

At 4:25, when Referee Siler called both men to the center of the ring to give them their instruction and warn them against fouling or other infractions of the code, the spectators enjoyed the first opportunity of seeing them face to face.

Fitzsimmons presented a better appearance than in any of his previous encounters.

His flesh was hard and pink and the veins stood out like whipcords. Maher, on the contrary, appeared somewhat flabby, while his movements on his feet lacked the agility that characterized those of Fitzsimmons. Manager Quinn had evidently been honest in the opinion that he gave out a couple of days ago, "Maher is not in the condition that I should like him to be in."

Time was called at 4:45, and the spectators pressed to the ropes.

The way in which the farce concluded has already been told. Fitzsimmons's admirers cheered him to the echo, and Maher's seconds carried the defeated Irishman to his corner. It was several minutes before he realized what had happened to him, and Fitzsimmons walked over to his corner and shook him by the hand. Fitzsimmons also shook hands with Quinn and the seconds in Peter's corner.

Maher showed no signs of punishment except a slight hump in the skin just to the left above the point of the chin, where Fitzsimmons's final stroke had landed. The disgusted crowd started east and west, both ways.

After the hubbub Maher tried to excuse his defeat by claiming it was due to a chance blow.

Mr. Rector, for the Kinetoscope Company, offered a purse of \$5,000, to be battled for to-morrow. Fitzsimmons declared he would not accept anything less than \$10,000 and 50 per cent of the receipts from exhibitions, and would fight only in his own time.

Thus ended a match that should never have been made. The kinetoscope people are the losers.

W. W. NAUGHTON.

FITZSIMMONS'S VIEW OF IT.

The Winner of the Fight Now Eager to Meet Corbett.

Sanderson, Texas, Feb. 21.—I am not puffed up over my victory, and I considered it too sure a thing beforehand to feel much different now. I now consider myself champion of the world and I am ready to hear a proposition from Mr. Corbett or any one else.

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS.

THE EARTH IN DANGER.

Professor Pickering, of Harvard, Says the Perrine Comet May Strike Us Sooner or Later.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 21.—Professor Pickering, of the Harvard Observatory, was asked to-day if it were possible for Perrine's comet and the earth to meet in collision. His reply was that such a thing was certainly possible.

"Comets," he added, "have no special relation to the earth, and if the earth happened to be in the path of one it would, of course, be struck. I am not prepared to say just what would happen. No one knows. You see we have no record of any such experience. The only man who dares to say much on this subject is Professor C. A. Young, of Princeton, and I'll give you his opinion on the subject, because he has given that line more attention than I have."

"Professor Young's opinion is that a comet is nothing but a 'sand bank' that is, it is a swarm of solid particles of unknown size and widely separate, pin heads, several hundred feet apart, each particle carrying with it an envelope of gas, largely hydrocarbon."

Professor Young says that comets may hurt us in two ways, either by actually striking the earth or by falling into the sun and thus producing such an increase of solar heat as to burn us up.

If the earth was long enough a collision would be practically sure to happen, for there are several comets' orbits which pass nearer to the earth's orbit than the semi-diameter of the comet's head, and at some time the earth and a comet will certainly come together. Such encounters will, however, be rare. If we accept the estimate of Babinet, they will occur once in 15,000,000 years in the long run."

UP TO HER EARS In Gold.

Don't fail to order the Sunday Journal from your news-dealer and read the strange experience of a Journal woman in search of a new sensation.

DOG SHOW PRIZES ALL DISTRIBUTED.

An Expert's Opinion of the Exhibits as Brought Before Him in the Ring.

George Raper, of England, Has High Praise for the Bloodhound Simon de Sudbury.

SOCIETY WENT TO THE BOW-WOWS.

Many Distinguished Leaders Were Seen in the Big Garden Yesterday—Superintendent Mortimer Talks of What the Club Has Done.

There is that about a dog, so honest, so sympathetic and so brave that society, which frowns upon nearly all amusements in this Lenten season just opened, smiles fondly upon the Fidos, the Towzers and the Trays, and for the last three days and nights has literally gone to the dogs—the dogs of the Twentieth Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club in Madison Square Garden.

Now that the excitement of the judging is over and the awards have all been made, the human visitors and their almost human hosts have a chance to become better acquainted. At the Horse Show many of the men and women sit in the boxes and comment upon the beauties of the brute creation from a distance. At the Dog Show they go right down to the kennel of their pet—the pet of their own breed—and talk to him and stroke his sleek sides and look into his trusting brown eyes and let him lick their hands.

Naturally every exhibitor, and particularly every woman who has her own pet entered, felt confident of a blue ribbon, and many a good cry was resorted to in the stalls down stairs where nobody else could see and many a sunny head was buried in a shaggy coat to drown the sobs and hide the tears that would come in spite of all.

What a Babel of barks is there! From the gruff "woof woof" of the mighty mastiff, to the shrieking scream of the tiny terrier, shivering beneath softest blankets on a pillow of down in a boudoir of glass festooned with gorgeous silk and lace curtains. Still the canine cantata, deafening though it is and without cessation, is not unpleasant. Many strong attachments are formed between the dogs and the people, and many purchases have resulted.

These, among others, were at the show yesterday: Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vandebilt, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. K. Dug, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Hartman, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Fred Vandebilt, Mr. and Mrs. Prescott Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Dillon Ripley, Mr. and Mrs. A. Lodenburg, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould, Mr. and Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cleave, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Gebhard, General and Mrs. Louis M. Fitzgerald, Judge and Mrs. Robert C. O'Neill, Judge Olindeiros, Mr. and Mrs. Burke Cockran, William C. Whitney, Mayor and Mrs. William L. Strong, Mrs. Frank D. Beard, Mr. and Mrs. T. Sutter Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. G. Lee Taylor, Justice and Mrs. W. Travers Jerome, Sidney Harris, Colonel and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Colonel and Mrs. C. V. R. Ogden.

At the meeting of the Bull Terrier Club of America, held at the Ashland House, yesterday, these officers were elected: F. F. Dale, president; John Morehead, Jr., vice-president; J. O. Horne, vice-president; W. D. Brereton, secretary and treasurer; Executive Committee—John H. Church, of Taunton, Mass.; Otis Fellows, of Harnellsville, N. Y.; C. Albert Stevens, of Hoboken, N. J.; William Mariner, of Milwaukee, Wis.; M. J. Higginson, of Rochester, N. Y.; Perry Tiffany, of New York, and T. H. Gibbon, of Pittsburg, Pa. Delegate to American Kennel Club, Arthur Thompson, of New York.

At the meeting of the Collie Club, held in the Garden yesterday, the following officers were elected: President, Jenkins Van Schalk; vice-presidents, Thomas H. Terry and J. P. Morgan; treasurer, J. D. Shotwell; secretary, James Watson.

The annual meeting of the American Bedlington Terrier Club was held at the Garden yesterday and these officers were elected for the years 1896: William H.

Russell, president, and John Hopkinson, secretary and treasurer.

FROM THE JUDGES' RING.

George Raper, the English Expert, Gives His Opinion of the Dogs.

The man who has upon his shoulders the great burden of the judging at the Dog Show is George Raper, of Sheffield, England. Mastiffs, St. Bernards, bloodhounds, Russian wolfhounds, doehounds, greyhounds, English foxhounds, collies, old English sheepdogs, poodles, bulldogs, bull terriers, fox terriers, Bedlington terriers, pugs and toy spaniels are among the classes for whose awards he is alone responsible.

He has been an exhibitor for forty years. All his life he has been a fancier of dogs, and his father was before him. For the last twelve years he has judged at all the principal shows in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Berlin, Munich, Leipzig, Strasbourg, Amsterdam, Antwerp, Brussels, Vienna, Graz, Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Inverness and all the important shows in England. He has himself owned every variety of English dog, and won with them premier honors, and he now possesses one of the strongest kennels in Great Britain.

This is his third visit to this city, and this is his opinion of the show:

SO FAR AS MY CLASSES ARE CONCERNED the mastiffs are not numerically strong, nor, in fact, in any other particular. The collection of St. Bernards at the show is very fine indeed, although the absence of old Sir Bedivere and other extraordinarily good specimens imported from England by Colonel Bupper and Mr. Rolak, has robbed this class of that high quality these dogs show. Still, taken as a class, their quality is more uniform in the absence of inferior specimens which were formerly exhibited. These have been entirely dispensed with. I see a very great improvement in the fox terriers. The general quality of these in the recent time has been quite up to the average of any of the English exhibitions. Although there are only a few bloodhounds, the latest importation, Simon de Sudbury, is a pride to his class. He easily disposed of the other dogs, being much more finely made both in substance and bone, scoring particularly in action. There is nothing very great in the Russian wolfhounds, former prize winners holding their own in the present show. Greyhounds have perceptibly fallen off in general excellence. The collies are really a remarkable group. Nothing has been bred in their class to eclipse the importation of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Rufford Ormiston and Sifton Hero, which are no doubt two of the best collies that it would be possible to obtain.

The group of old English sheep dogs is small and of indifferent calibre, the winners alone representing anything like the correct type. The poodles are an excellent collection, the chief falling being their thick skulls and length of back. Others failed in purity of color. The bull dogs, a very attractive breed, brought on some grand dogs. The old winners in former years are again absent, although one or two youngsters carried off prizes. The dog who won in the open class had a fine big head, well formed and an excellent body. He was a little faulty in ears and his nose was rather plucked and small. The bull terriers were large classes. I consider them a most excellent collection. I fail to see much improvement in the Irish terriers, the winners alone deserving praise. Bedlington terriers were only moderate. Scottish terriers, pugs and toys were all pre-eminently good. The time I took me to judge them is an evidence that the competition was very keen. I was in the ring yesterday from 9:15 in the morning until 9:45 at night, with only a half hour's rest.

George Raper

WORK OF THE MANAGEMENT.

Superintendent Mortimer Pleased at the Show's Success.

THERE IS A GREAT DEAL MORE IN A DOG show than many people might suppose. The Westminster Kennel Club has worked hard for years to make its bench shows the best in the country, and for proof that we have accomplished that, ask any body who knows about dogs just what we have under the big roof of Madison Square Garden and they will tell the story. It would take a good while to go into details, and I am a busy man. There is hard work for me and big responsibility to the time we get possession until every dog is out, and it is a pretty long day from 6 in the morning until 11 o'clock at night. The Dog Show is a fixture in New York, for men love dogs and women love them just as well, if not even more. We have had a good attendance at the show—better even than

heretofore, and the class of people shows the estimation that the public holds the Dog Show in. There are sixteen hundred dogs here, and that is a big showing. There has been no dissatisfaction with any of the awards, and the judges have worked hard. They did big work on the first day, and the Bench Show Committee and every one else connected with the club has had his hands full of business. Then, too, we have had an entire absence of accidents, and that is a great deal to say for a dog show. Judith, who is reported as having died here, never came into the show at all. She was taken sick before the time for her departure from her kennel, and that settles that matter. The condition of the dogs has been good, and many sales have been reported at good prices.

JAMES MORTIMER, Superintendent.

WHAT AN EXHIBITOR SAYS

Mrs. Senn Declares That Every One Seems Very Well Pleased.

THIS IS THE BEST SHOW YET. THE QUALITY of the dogs improves each year. More interest is taken in the show than ever before. The judges have done very well in their decisions. Too many dogs have been given to one judge to pass upon, yet no fault could be found with his awards. I haven't heard of any dissatisfied exhibitors. Every one seems well pleased. The management is excellent. As in former years the best people in New York attend the show. It is a great success.

MRS. F. SENN.

WINNERS OF THE PRIZES.

Simon de Sudbury Carries Off the Club's Bloodhound Trophy.

The following awards were made yesterday at the Dog Show:

Silver medal for best American bred smooth-coated dog over three years; won by Robert H. Burrows's Melrose King.

The Westminster Kennel Club's \$20 for the best exhibit of four rough St. Bernards entered and owned by one exhibitor; won by the Hall Gate Kennels.

The silver medal for best American bred rough-coated dog over three years; won by Gramercy Kennels's Danterius.

The Westminster Kennel Club's \$20 for the best exhibit of four Scottish terriers entered and owned by one exhibitor; won by Brooks & Ames's winkle Tani.

The Westminster Kennel Club's \$20 for the best exhibit of four toy spaniels entered and owned by one exhibitor; won by Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan's Argente and King of the Fancy.

The Challenge Cup, value \$300, for the best fox terrier in the show, rough or smooth; won by L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Sentinel.

The Westminster Kennel Club's trophy for the best bloodhound in the show; won by Dr. C. A. Jones's Simon de Sudbury.

The Westminster Kennel Club's \$20 for the best exhibit of four collies entered and owned by one exhibitor; won by J. Pierpont Morgan's.

The Collie Club trophy, a silver cup, value \$200, for the best collie in the show, entered and owned by a member of the Collie Club, the winner of the trophy to receive a silver medal in commemoration of the award; won by Woodlawn Park Kennel's Hempted Dorothy.

The President's Cup, a silver cup, value \$300, presented by a member of the Collie Club; won by J. Pierpont Morgan's Roldi Gray.

The same for best collie bitch in novice class; won by John Black's Maid of Bute.

J. Pierpont Morgan's silver cup, value \$50, for the best collie whelped in 1895, exhibited by a member of the Collie Club; won by J. Pierpont Morgan's Craven's Frodo.

The Purser Cup, value \$100, for the best exhibit of four poodles entered and owned by one exhibitor; won by H. C. Trevor's Champion Club.

The Bull Dog Club's silver medal for the breeder of the winner of the puppy bowl; won by J. Cole.

The Westminster Kennel Club's grand trophy, value \$500, for the best dog or bitch in the show, presented by Mr. T. L. Park; won by Woodlawn Park Kennel's Fanny Bunch.

The American Field Bulldog Cup, value \$100, for the best American bred bulldog or bitch, owned by a member 82 months prior to date of closing of entries, presented by Dr. N. Rowe, this cup to become the property of one individual after it has been won by him four times; won by C. C. Hopkins's L'Amuseur.

The Purser Bowl, value \$100, for the best American bred dog or bitch, under 15 months, presented by Mr. J. H. Matthews; won by J. H. Congdon's King Cole.

The Bull Dog Club's silver medal for the breeder of the winner of the Puppy Bowl; won by J. Cole.

The Westminster Kennel Club's \$20 for the best exhibit of four Great Danes entered and owned by one exhibitor; won by T. B. Burnham's.

The Westminster Kennel Club's \$20 for the best exhibit of four Russian wolfhounds entered and owned by one exhibitor; won by H. V. Sharpless's.

The Westminster Kennel Club's \$20 for the best exhibit of four deerhounds entered and owned by one exhibitor; won by Albin I. Page's.

The National Greyhound Club's Trophy Hook Cup, presented by the Tully Hook Kennels, for the best bull terrier dog, owned by exhibitor 12 months prior to date of closing of entries; won by Dr. H. S. Huldekeop's Cardona's.

Silver medal to the best American bred dog in the challenge class; won by Rochester, Pittsburg Bull Terrier Kennels's Duke of Rochester.

The Westminster Kennel Club's \$20 for the best exhibit of four Yorkshire terriers entered and owned by one exhibitor; won by Mrs. F. Senn's.

The Westminster Kennel Club's \$20 for the best exhibit of four Gordon setters entered and owned by one exhibitor; won by Dwight Kennels's.

The American Field silver vase, value \$100, for the best Gordon setter, the property of a member of the Gordon Setter Club of America, whose dues are paid up before the close of entries; dog

to have been property of owner for six consecutive months previous to the close of entries; vase to be won three times before becoming the absolute property of the winner; won by J. R. Oughton's Heather Lad.

The Westminster Kennel Club's medal of honor for the best stud dog, to be judged by two of his get out of different litters, which may be the property of different owners. This prize is confined to collies at public sale in the United States and Canada; won by Christopher, with Jordana and Robin Gray; Christopher owned by Henry Jarrett.

VENEZUELA MUST JOIN.

England Will Have to Agree to the South American Republic Being Represented at the Conference.

By Julius Chambers.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 21.—Senator Culmon undoubtedly understood the gravity of the situation of affairs between this country and Great Britain when, several days ago, he warned the people of the United States against being lulled into a fancied security because of the pretended friendship of England. The grave fact is that the British Government, that the much vaunted Venezuelan Commission will accomplish any valuable results. Its members are a lot of theoretical diplomats and in no respect able to cope with as experienced a man as Sir Julian Pauncefote, as was shown recently in the case of the Seattle testimony. The British Ambassador sent an agent to that place and secured all the papers bearing on the subject before the Washington commission knew of the existence of the documents.

The Venezuelan Commission has been practically an aside by the professors of practical diplomacy and the English Government and more satisfactory settlement can be reached through some method of conference between the United States and the United States. Salisbury and his colleagues are unwilling to recognize a commission appointed solely by the Government.

Up to the present the proposals from England have been entirely of an informal and unofficial nature. The United States and the United States' suggestions of England have been met with an expressed willingness to enter upon any fair system of conference and arbitration.

The negotiations stand just about in this attitude.

The authorities of the United States are waiting for England to propose something of a definite character and the indications are that England is waiting for the United States to take the initiative.

It has been made a condition precedent to a joint conference that Venezuela shall be admitted on equal terms and conditions with England and the United States.

Salisbury evidently does not take kindly to this proposition. He would prefer to exclude Venezuela, but the United States will not consent to any such arrangement. As Venezuela is really the party most deeply interested, it is the duty of the United States to confer or arbitrate without her official presence and participation would have been the result of two mighty and strong nations proposing to dispose of territory belonging to that small republic under conditions equivalent to the use of force.

REVOLVER IN A THEATRE

Mr. George, of Baltimore, Was Shifting It from One Pocket to Another, and Created a Panic.

While the last act of the "Black Sheep" was in progress at Hoyt's Theatre last night a wolf in sheep's clothing, in the centre of the orchestra arose and drew a loaded revolver from his hip pocket.

The woman seated beside him screamed, and in a second every one, including some of the "Black Sheep" company, was in a high state of excitement. Detective Thomas Hayes ran down the aisle from the rear of the house and took the weapon away from the man. The latter had made no attempt to shoot, but the revolver was so loaded that any one should become alarmed because of the display of a revolver.